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have in New York state just now and probably in other states as well, the run becomes very sloppy and sodden with the movements of the fowls. To prevent this, the coal ashes from the house should be thrown on, particularly around the edges of the runs and near the door where the birds assemble mostly expecting to be fed. In some neighborhoods an idea prevails that the ashes produce disease among the poultry. How this originated is difficult to imagine. It is simply one of the senseless beliefs that are so hard to eradicate.

The question is often asked, whether the poultry run should be dug up frequently, so as to give a change of soil, or whether it should be left as it is? Digging it up is a very doubtful benefit. The worms and insects that are exposed when the earth is turned over affords much pleasure to the fowls and the scratching exercise is good for them, but the surface becomes very uneven and difficult to clean. The rain also ponds in the little hollows and the ground becomes more sticky and muddy with the constant treading about of the fowls. It soon becomes sour and tainted. Instead of digging up the run it is more satisfactory to beat the earth as hard and as level as possible and then to throw on this plenty of ashes and coarse grit. If the surface of ashes is dug out and removed occasionally and replaced by fresh, the run will last untainted much longer

During bad weather it is better to give the poultry that are confined in small runs their food from a trough or some such vessel. If the food, both grain and meal, is thrown on damp ground a quantity of offensive matter will adhere to it and be swallowed by the birds. The dust bath must be kept dry and well filled with sand or sifted earth. A few old sacks thrown over the top of the run will keep out a lot of the rain. The front also can be protected by a few boards nailed together and made into a screen, which can be temporarily fastened to the wire during bad weather.

Fumigation.

According to the California Cultivator there is no way of successfully subduing the insect enemies of citrus trees, except by fumigation. There is no doubt that that method has become very popular in California within the past few years. Whether it is the best way is not yet fully decided by the cultivators of citrus fruits. However the editor of the Rural New Yorker holds very strong views on the subject as can be seen from the following article:

The following question is a fair sample of many from people who wonder why the great outcry for fumigation with hydrocyanic acid gas has died out:

In view of the doubt with which some orchardists seem to view the efficacy of lime-salt, and the danger which others claim attends the use of petroleum and similar washes for the benefit of our friend San Jose, can you give me any information as to results of orchard fumigation? I have seen some reports, (N. Y. State Experiment Station), of experiments, but nothing of recent date. The expense of tents has been considered, I believe, the chief drawback to this method, of fighting insects, but I am gradually coming to the belief that, provided orchard trees can be fumigated with little danger of injuring the trees, we shall be compelled to resort to this method of protection. J. L. P.

We can all remember how, a few years ago, a craze for fumigation passed over the country. It was claimed that this deadly gas would destroy the scale on nursery stock without injuring the trees, and some states passed laws compelling nurserymen to fumigate. In California the gas was used in orchard work, tents being thrown over the trees and the gas generated inside the tent. We saw this tried in a peach orchard in West Virginia. Fumigation for nursery stock is now little better than a farce. Practically every large nursery has the facilities for fumigation, but most buyers prefer not to have it done. The compulsory laws have become pretty near a dead letter. Many trees have been injured by fumigation. When the buds have opened or after they have begun to swell the gas will do them more harm than good. We have bought trees which were so weakened by fumigation that they were winter-killed, or dawdled on for several years before recovering. In the orchard this method has not given results which commend it to practical men. A few fruit-growers may practice it still, but no one advocates it as a method adapted to general use. It is more likely that lime and sulphur or some other wash, with a change in the form of the tree, will prove most effective in fighting the scale. A smaller tree headed close to the ground, and with a wide, open top, will be the fruit tree or bush of the future. With the peach the tendency will be to plant new orchards each year, and depend upon young and vigorous trees for the fruit. The present tendency certainly is to depend less and less upon fumigation.

A Farmer Should Love His Soil.

There is plenty of patriotism and love of native land among the citizens of this country. This has been proven on many a bloody battlefield. But is

also true that there is not the intense love of home, and homestead, that there is among foreigners. The American farmer will sell his grandfather's farm for what it will bring and go to a new part of the country without hesitation with only a vague hope of doing better than he has been. An editorial in the last Southern Cultivator has the right ring to it. Read it.

Nothing is more apparent to us than the fact that our farmers have not been trained to love the soil. The care they take of it demonstrates this; also, the readiness with which they part with it, without a pang, proves they love it too little. The fact that it has been so cheap has caused us to place it low in the scale of our affections. We are glad it is becoming more valuable so rapidly; our selfish interest will make us love it more, as it costs us more. One gentleman puts it thus: "God has quit making any more land, but He is still making more people, and hence land is bound to become more valuable." Mr. Geo. Truitt says: "We have the finest land on earth, but it is mighty poorly inhabited." Friends, let us do better. We should love with unswerving devotion and tenderest care, the good, old, kindly Mother Earth, from whose dust we were made, who furnishes us with a place of abode, who furnishes us with all our food and clothing and whose bosom furnishes us our last resting place when life's work and struggles are over. It is the raw material from which we are to fashion all of our human happiness. It is the source from which we are to draw all our comforts, and furnishes the only means of satisfying the numerous and pressing physical wants of man. The soil is nature's great manufacturing plant, where the forces of Omnipotence are to co-operate with the agencies of man; and where man is left to regulate and control, whether these forces and agencies go in to make the jimson-weed or the rose, the rag-weed and crab-grass or the corn and the cotton. God has placed a thousand agencies in the forms of the sunshine, the rain, the elements constituting the soil, the untold variety of insects, worms, minute microbes and bacteria, in our soil to aid us, who work our soils aright, or to hinder our yields when we depart from an ever-watchful and judicious care. Here the "penalties for an evil deed are not deferred" or withheld for some future state; but our retribution comes at once, in the decreased yield and a poorer soil. If treated aright, the science of Alchemy is not only transmuting minerals, and making new acids and nitrates to feed our plants, but flowers. We should delight to turn up the rich dark mould, to crumble it fine so that it may best feed the growing plants. It should thrill us with pleasure to tread the velvet sod, and to know that our ministering care made "two blades of grass grow where one grew before," and as we cultivate our crops, it should give us a new joy to know that every needful consideration has been given to aid the nourishing of the growing cotton and the corn. The Chinaman will come to America that he may reap more for the fruit of his labor, but he never forgets his native soil, and should death overtake him here in this foreign land, he will direct that his bones repose in the soil of his beloved father-land. The Italian will wander for years that he may store up his savings, to return to his native soil to spend his declining years upon the beloved soil of his youth. Has this "land of the free and home of the brave" no virtue, that its sons should love it so little? How is it that the new forms of life and adding varied combinations, that almost strike us dumb with wonder at Nature's marvelous possibilities. What a delightful task it should be for us to take an intelligent part in all this. We should not consider our soil a dead inanimate substance, but a living,

throbbing organism, teeming with every form of life, and ever ready to respond generously to the manipulations of a loving hand, and yielding her most prolific yield only to those who deal with her aright.

The soil is our great common mother, but because she so constantly and quietly ministers to our numerous wants, we return her but little gratitude and less of affection. This should not be the case; how tenderly we should love the soil; how diligently should we till her; how carefully enrich her and how fondly hold on to our possessions, only parting with them when we are forced to relinquish them to our "children and children's children." We should love the soil next to our wife and children; and nothing but the hand of death should cause us to separate from our homesteads. We should think it a sin to allow it to wash away; and our highest ambition and constant care should be to increase the fertility of our fields by deep plowing, constant adding of vegetable matter and manure, and to make our homes more beautiful by planting shrubs, vines and "glare of the towns" so far outweighs that glorious freedom of our country homes? Alas! we have failed to carry out the commands of the Bible; we have failed to "train up our children" to properly love our soil. Let us improve in this matter. Let us talk it "in our rising up and in our sitting down," and most of all embody it as a living example, "so that all seeing our good works" may be constrained to follow us therein. Let us—

Love it then tenderly,
Till it with care!
Work it not slovenly,
Make it look fair!

Neptune, Fla., June 16, 1905.

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